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Queen of Peace by A. Trindade

Woman of the Year

AT THE beginning of this year, Our Holy Father exploded his own "Atomic bomb" over the world, and its repercussions have hit the shores of every nation. The proclamation of the Marian Year has had an impact as powerful in the spiritual order as the atomic explosions on the material universe.

The magazines may not proclaim her so, but Mary is the "Woman of the Year." She is the Lady of a thousand and more titles, shrines, banners, badges and medals. She is "the" Woman, the most loved of our race, the Cause of Our Joy. The Whisperings of Marian Year "Aves" have risen to a roar that have not stopped throughout the year. Hundreds have tramped for days, journeying to Her shrines, thousands have met to listen to the rosary-saying priest, Churches have been consecrated, Marian congresses held, innumerable good works inaugurated and sacrifices undertaken, all in honor of a young Jewish girl. And in countless hearts there is a deeper, stronger love of Mary.

India has felt the vibration that is quickening the pulse of the Church's life this year. Although her Catholic population is a small

Marian Devotions at Ranchi near Mandar, India.

minority, there are evidences of Marian devotion throughout India from the top-most point of the world's second highest mountain where a statue of the Madonna has been placed down to the tip of her Southern state where a rosary-praying people dwell. India has its own Lourdes at Perambur in Madras and Our Lady of Bandel, Our Lady of Valiankanni. Our Lady of Mokameh and Mount Mary are well known to Catholics, Hindus, Parsees and Mohammedans alike as "holy" places.

On March 25th, India's first Cardinal led nearly 250 of his priests in a two-mile procession to Our Lady's shrine where all participated in a one day retreat. His example was followed in many sections of the country. During the year housing projects have been begun in honor of Our Lady, schools have been started, hospitals blessed and seminaries built. The great climax of the Marian Year for the Church in India is the National Marian Congress which will be held in Bombay from December 4th to 8th. Under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Gracias, the congress program has assumed a practical character. Its themes are: "The answer to the challenge of Naturalism in life and culture" and "The message of the Immaculate." The themes will be developed in papers and discussions which will be held in various languages. The congress hopes to explain to all Catholics that it is not enough for them to maintain a high standard of religious practice within their own community, but that it is necessary to build a bridge of understanding into secular culture and

to act as interpreters and communicators of the Faith. The Rev. Patrick Peyton, C.S.C. will conduct the rosary crusade during the Marian Congress.

In our own Indian Hospitals and houses, Marian Year celebrations have varied with the customs of each place. Holy Family Hospital, Patna is only a few hours away from Our Lady of Grace Shrine in Mokameh. The Sisters and their student nurses have made pilgrimages to this beautiful spot where Indian and western style architecture have been so artistically combined in honor of Our Lady. But the center of devotion for Patna's patients is the large statue of Our Blessed Mother that stands in the middle of the compound. There, tiny lights from small candles burn in gratitude to "The Lady" as Hindu patients also participate in praising Mary.

At Holy Family Hospital, Mandar, Marian processions are announced by drums. At night fall when the work in the fields is finished, villagers congregate in the moonlight and walk ten to fifteen miles in procession to the grotto of Our Lady outside the Mandar Church. Despite the late hour the whole family makes the pilgrimage with the younger members strapped to Mother's back.

The "Aves" ring around the mountain side for the Medical Mission Sisters in Mussoorie. Every Marian feast finds the Sisters, staff members and patients at their small grotto to sing Mary's praises on a Himalayan hilltop. In Bombay, the Sisters journey to Mount Mary, the famous 17th century shrine which overlooks the sea. There, it is customary for the people to present their petitions to Our Lady in a tangible form. If one wishes to be cured of tuberculosis for example, a waxen image of a lung is laid before Mary's statue. There are all kinds of wax images — babies, legs, arms, houses and money. The wax figures are melted to make candles for Our Lady.

The empty, unfinished chapel in New Delhi's Holy Family Hospital was the starting place for a Marian pilgrimage. The large statue of Our Lady was brought from the Church to a shrine in the roofless chapel. After special prayers the statue was carried in procession through the fields to the village church.

Way down South in India, Medical Missionaries cross rivers, reciting their pilgrimage rosaries. There, travel to a Marian shrine often means a canoe ride. In the novitiates at Kottayam and Poona where traveling is confined to the backyard, the novices have designed their own shrines and pilgrimages are made daily.

Each Medical Mission house has had its part in the celebrations

Bombay, India—Sr. M. Angela and Sr. M. Hedwig examine wax images brought by pilgrims.

A novice in Poona, India, prepares for a pilgrimage in the backyard.

of this Mary-packed year. And in each house there have been prayers to the Mother that we share with God for those of Her children who do not yet know Her who is "our life, sweetness and hope." Missionaries have always in their minds and in their hearts the people for whom they work. They can't forget that Mary belongs to everyone. She is the Universal Mother, the Mother of Mankind. She is black and brown and white. She is the one for whom there is no East nor West but only children to cherish as she did her first born Son. The Medical Mission Sister realizes that Mary is everyone's Mother and at the same time her very own.

The Marian Year is almost over. It is the glory of this generation that *we* have called Her blessed.

Sr. M. Richard, S.C.M.M.

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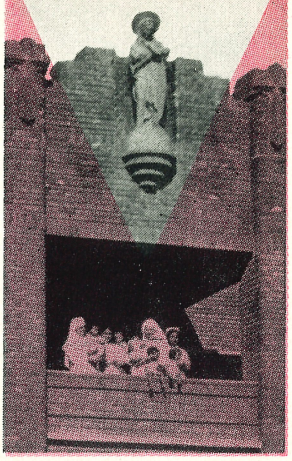
January 11th

FEAST OF THE HOLY FAMILY

Collect: O Lord Jesus Christ, Who didst consecrate family life with sublime virtues, in Thy obedience to Mary and Joseph; by their help, grant that we may be instructed in this example of Thy Holy Family and thus obtain a share in their eternal happiness.



Our Lady of Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, Pak.

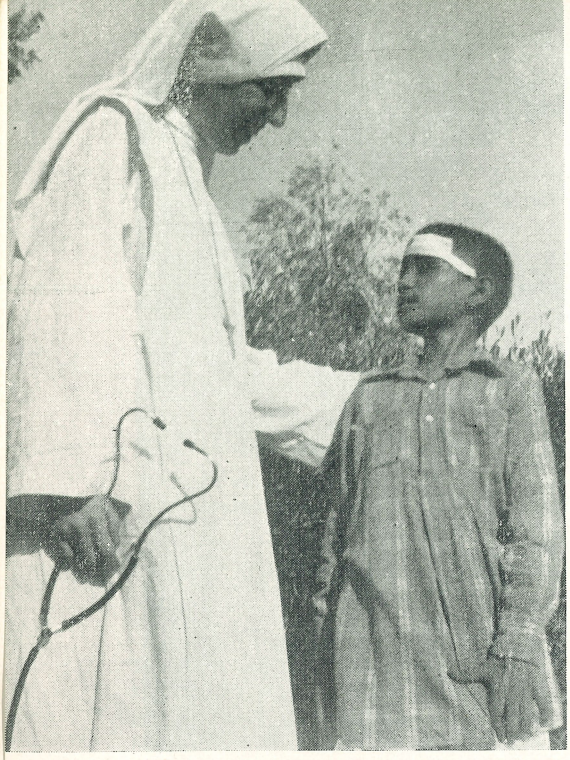
BACK TO LIFE

Sister M. Elise, M. D.

MURTAZA was a sick little boy. Tall for his ten years, but thin and delicate, he had been pared down still more by a week's high fever. The boil on his forehead had spread and spread, until both upper eyelids were swollen and shiny. Two days before admission the right eye had begun to protrude, and the left arm and leg gradually became paralyzed. With it the boy's wits began to wander, and from delirium he passed into complete unconsciousness. When he was admitted into Holy Family Hospital, his distracted parents brought with them the family doctor's verdict, on paper: "Very little hope."

Immediately all the resources of the hospital were called upon. The abscess on the forehead was opened widely, and the pus obtained was sent to the laboratory to be tested for sensitivity against the modern antibiotics. Then the Pediatrics department swung into action. Between spongings, injections, tube feeds etc., the nurses had a busy time. But despite all their care, the fever continued, there was no sign of returning consciousness, and the paralysis seemed to increase. After two days of unremitting effort, it became clear that the boy had a brain abscess, and that heroic measures were needed if he was to have a chance of recovery.

It was hard to explain the need of a major operation on such a sick child to the poor parents. Simple village people that they were, even they could see that Murtaza was far from fit to endure surgery and anesthesia. But when they realized that there was no other way, then their trust in the Sisters overcame their fear. "Do as you like, Doctor," they said. "He is in your hands." I doubt if his mother slept a wink that night. Murtaza was her only boy, and she was too old to have more children. She stayed with the boy, day and night, and watched every test, every treatment, every injection, with anxious eyes, never once interfering or asking for explanations, but always hovering in the background. Several times the nurses found her, bent over the child, calling his name into his ear. Then realizing that there was no response, she would shake her



Murtaza thanks his doctor, Sr. M. Elise, M. D.

head sadly, and go back to her little charpoy (string bed).

The day of the operation there was a look of Grand Central Station about the Children's department. It looked as if the entire village had turned out for the occasion. Later we realized that they were all relatives, some of them many times removed. About a dozen women, all with children at their skirts and babies in their arms, invaded the lobby of the department, while the men remained downstairs, filling up the large waiting room. But there was no commotion or noise. Silently they squatted on the floor No one had the heart to turn them away. They might well be gathered for the funeral.

The operation itself was by no means easy. We have no electric burr, as brain operations are a rarity here. The job had to be done by hand, and a tricky business it was. The anesthesia was equally difficult. Ordinarily endotracheal anesthesia would have been used, but that also was not available. Intravenous pentothal, kept as lightly as possible, was the best choice. But the relief when the covering of the brain was opened, and the pus welled out, was so great that it offset all our handicaps. In a few minutes it was all over, a drain was inserted, the head was bandaged up, and as quickly as possible Murtaza was put back into bed, with a blood transfusion to tide him over the shock.

After that came a period of anxious watching and waiting. It was soon evident that the boy would live, but just how much damage had been done, that was hard to assess. Every sign of returning life was greeted with hymns of gratitude and joy. Two days after the operation, Murtaza gave his first grunt, in response to his mother's calling. Her beaming face, as she straightened up, was thanksgiving enough. Meanwhile the nursing care went steadily on, and was the main factor in pulling him through. It takes no small amount of effort and faithfulness to care for a completely unconscious patient. But the nurses vied with one another in looking after the boy. To be allowed to take care of Murtaza was the highest honor in the department at that time.

It took a full week before Murtaza opened his eyes and gave definite signs of returning consciousness. He still had to be tube-fed, as drinking was too much of an effort. The paralysis of the left side of his face began to clear up about the same time but the arm and leg continued weak and limp for some weeks more. Meanwhile, the wound on the forehead, exposing the pulsating brain at its

depth, healed beyond all expectation. In a week the drain could be removed, and soon the cavity began to fill up, until there was only a straight line of scar left, just above the eyebrows in a country where beauty contests are unknown.

For two months Murtaza and his mother remained in the Children's Ward. Gradually the boy came back to life, and each new accomplishment was greeted with the greatest interest and delight. You would think he were a newborn baby, the way the nurses acclaimed his first smile, his first solid meal, his getting up and eventually his attempts at walking again. For a long time Murtaza was "King of the roost," and his word was law. Fortunately he turned out to be a very nice little boy, polite, obedient, rather shy, and unspoiled. It was a great joy to us that he showed no signs of brain damage whatever. The weakness of the arm and leg continued to improve, and his mental alertness, memory and understanding seemed not to have suffered at all.

Needless to say, the parents and other relatives were impressed and delighted. Arrangements for the funeral and the feeding of the guests had already been made before the day of operation. No one had had any hope . . . except his mother. And it wasn't in any surgical or nursing ability that she put her faith. Pakistani village woman that she was, she used her eyes. "I know you are praying for him," she said to one of the Sisters. That was enough. God would do the rest.

PAGING DOLLY CHASE!

Holy Family Hospital Nurses Training School, Rawalpindi, Pak.

Send to Sr. M. Dolores
c/o Medical Mission Sisters
8400 Pine Road, Phila.

"Our Dolly Chase underwent repairs again. I do not know how old she is . . . When I came to Rawalpindi, in 1941 and started teaching the Nurses, I found her in a box that arrived from the Motherhouse. She was in poor condition then but with needle and thread, we fixed up her joints and fingers and feet, and the nurse students have been practicing on her ever since. Now she has undergone renovation again. With paint and new hands and feet, she will look a little better. We could not get flesh-colored paint, but with white and a little red paint, she may weather another winter. A new one would certainly be most welcome for our 100 student nurses in training!"

Sr. M. Dolores, R.N.

Look at ME! All dressed up from the Box.

THE BOX

Sr. M. Dolores, R. N.

THIS morning, Sr. M. Kathleen showed me two wilted looking rag dolls, the Christmas "angels" which formed part of the decorations last year. We decided they were too bad to use again this year, so they were put into THE BOX for Sister M. Bernadette.

Sister Bernadette, besides other jobs, registers the patients at the "ticket window" in the Out-patient Department. After 17 years at this work she knows many, many people rich and poor, young and old. Hardly had the "angels" landed in her box, when one of her little friends, very poor, came to the dispensary with her mother. Sister gave her one of the "angels." A beautiful walking, talking doll could not have made her happier. No doubt it was her first doll.

All kinds of things go into Sister M. Bernadette's Box. She says, "Do not throw anything away, I have customers for everything." When the Sisters do any housecleaning, THE BOX becomes the wastebasket. I cleaned up the sewing room the other day and put a few scraps of woolen cloth in the box. Sister showed me the next day what she had made from them: a little shirt for a baby. One sleeve was brown plaid, the other some other color, and the main part kind of yellowish. The baby who will feel its warmth when the sharp wind is blowing and the temperature is 50 degrees, will not mind the coat of many colors.

We bought some second-hand blankets from the army. They were frayed and torn. The best ones were mended and the ravelled edges trimmed and hemmed. The ravellings went into THE BOX and were used for stuffing in baby quilts. Those which defied mending were cut up for baby blankets. The scraps made caps and coats.

Sister M. Bernadette brought in a little gypsy baby. All he had on was a small ragged shirt. Yes, he got dressed up from THE BOX. Besides a multi-colored shirt, guess what he got? A tea cozy! Some old tea cozies of knitted wool had found their way into THE BOX and made nice warm caps.

February 11th: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES

Thou hast visited the earth and plentifully watered it; thou hast enriched it in many ways: (*Ps. XLIV*, 10)

WITH THE SICK AT LOURDES

OUR LADY of Lourdes, February 11th, comes as a feast, proving Mary's continual interest in her children. We do not have to go back to Bethlehem, to find her, she comes to us, today, eager to keep alive her contact with those who belong to her.

* * *

It was on this day in 1936 — almost as though Mary stooped to our Society *specially,* to hand the long awaited decision from Mother Church that meant so much to the Apostolate — the Instruction from Rome, that religious Sisters in the missions, be allowed to study and practise medicine in its full scope, — was sent out by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide.

Each year two of our Dutch Sisters accompany the Limburg Pilgrimage to Lourdes to help the sick at the pool. This year two of our Sisters from Osterley, England, were also there with a Pilgrimage. Here are a few notes from their letters:

The Secretary to the Apostolic Delegate called us to ask for two Sisters to go to Lourdes with the Catholic Association Pilgrimage It was a wonderful experience for both Sr. M. Columba, R.N., and myself. We had nearly 100 patients and three of them were very, very, sick so we had to stay with them a great deal of the time. We were on duty usually from 7:30 in the morning until after nine at night. However, when our patients were not too sick we could accompany them to the Blessing of the sick. At night we joined in the Pilgrimage services: Pontifical Mass and Holy Hour and other functions. Our own private devotions we got in at night and we prayed much for all the intentions of the Society. I think the greatest grace was to see the faith and confidence of the patients and how they put up with all the inconveniences of the trip and life during the week. The train journey and boat journey were certainly not comfortable and coming home we ran into a gale and everyone on the boat was sick . . . Still all these things will be forgotten soon; the inspiring part will be remembered for a long time.

Sr. M. Katherine, R.N.

INSTRUCTION OF PROPAGANDA FIDE

"It has been the constant and watchful practice of this Sacred Congregation to adapt its method of Apostleship to the differing needs of times and places. At the present time very many Ordinaries in Mission Lands have of their own accord written to the Holy See about the necessity of providing more suitable safeguards for the health of mothers and infants. In parts of Africa some native tribes are decreasing daily and are exposed to extinction unless the lives of the mothers and babies are protected. . . ." (Instruction, Feb. 11, 1936)

Mothers and "Triplets" Holy Family Hospital, Berekum, Gold Coast.

Triplets!

Sr. M. Raphael, B. S. Pharm.

OUR TWO sets of triplets were quite a sensation, especially inasmuch as they all lived. The set of girls were big busters—the others a bit premature, 3 lb. 4 oz. up to 4 lb. 3 oz.

The family walked into the clinic with them in a basin, all curled up like little pink roses on a mass of padded cloths, and covered over with a colth, and laid the basin on the floor at Dr. Madeleine's feet. She brought them into the pharmacy to show me, still covered, in the basin. "Guess what they 'dashed' us!" I expected bananas, oranges, etc. But there they were, sound asleep. They had been born in the village (15 miles) about 3 hours before. The grandfather, Chief of the Village, rushed them in to us on the first available lorry. The mother sat on the sidelines, pleased as punch.

The next set of triplets were born in Holy Family Hospital, the next week. In fact, within those several days we had also several sets of twins born in the hospital. We had babies *bibre* (too plenty). In fact, when Sr. M. Edmund announced to one father that his wife had safely delivered a baby boy, he asked, "Only one?"

Triplets are said to occur once in every 8000 births, in the U. S. Certainly the incidence is higher in Ashante for multiple births, twins and triplets. We have had four sets of triplets in the hospital this past year of 1953.

They have a special way for naming twins, for example:

1. Altae adwoa Paynin
2. Altaa Adwaa Kuma

(Twin-Monday girl — the elder; twin, Monday girl, the younger.)

However they have no special way for naming triplets; the three so seldom survive, there is no need. If any live, they are named as are twins. The elder is not the first-born but rather the second, who "sends out the junior to see if everything is all right." However, this idea even varies among the Ashantis and Brong tribes — some hold the senior to be the first-born.

Twins are considered to be very closely united — almost having one spirit. Each must have every-

thing identical — even to Baptism. If one dies, the family will often buy a native wooden doll for the living twin to carry with him, to take the place of the little lost brother.

Recently a dispensary chart came through wth the name of a little boy patient as: *Silver Star Mensah.* I questioned the boy who fills out the charts. He agreed it did not sound like any Ashante name. And I assured him it sounded more like the name of Tom Mix's pony than a saint's name. I asked the mother—was her child's name Silver Star? Yes indeed, and she repeated the Christian name. With a slight shift of emphasis I came out with: *Sylvester!*

March 25th

The Annunciation

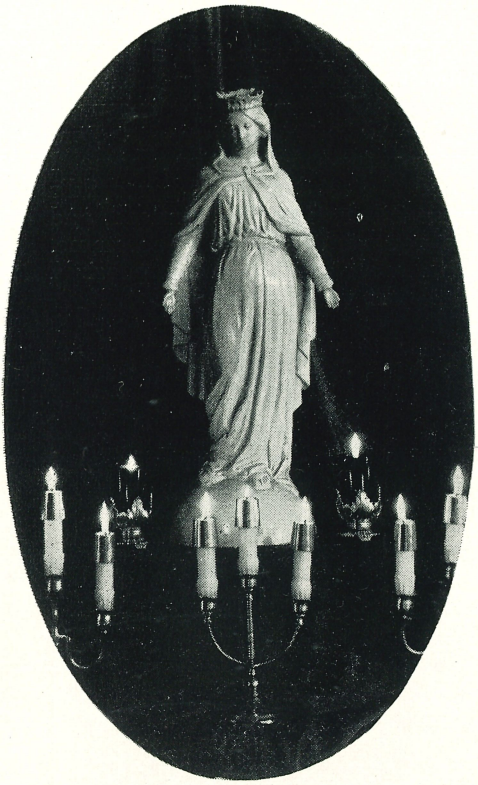
From its beginning, the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries has been specially dedicated to the Mother of Christ, under the title, "Cause of Our Joy."

The Annunciation was chosen as the patronal feast of the Society as on that day, Our Lady by consenting to become the Mother of Christ, brought true joy into the world in the Person of her Divine Son, and thus became the CAUSE OF OUR JOY.

Medical Mission Sisters wear a blue veil in Mary's honor, and pledge themselves to spread her devotion especially among non-Christian women, thus drawing them to admire her prerogatives and even imitate her virtues.

"Cause of Our Joy"—new statue executed by a young artist, J. Schrage from Blerich, Holland, recently installed in our Motherhouse chapel. It is carved from a precious piece of old oak donated by Sr. M. Paraclita's mother.

"She is the brightness of Eternal Light and an unspotted mirror."



Treasured statue in our Philadelphia chapel.

May 5th

OUR LADY OF LIGHT

ONE OF the treasures of the Medical Mission Sisters is the statue of "Our Lady of Light" in the Motherhouse Chapel in Philadelphia. This plaster statue is a replica of the enormous statue of Our Lady which stands on the tower of the Church of Fourviere, in Lyons, France.

When Mother Dengel was a student in Lyons, she frequently climbed the steep hill overlooking the ancient beautiful city of Lyons to pay a visit to Our Lady in the old chapel of Fourviere. Little did she realize that she would meet Our Lady of Fourviere again in Washington!

It was in 1926 when visiting a friend that Mother Dengel was shown a small statue with a light burning in front of it. The lady had received it as a legacy from Miss Antoinette Margot who had brought the statue with her when she came from Europe with Clara Barton, with whom she had been associated in Red Cross work.

"Our Lady of Light" was originally the property of the saintly god-father of Antoinette Margot, who kept it on a chest of drawers beside his desk. There was a gas jet between the two articles of furniture. One year, something unusual happened. The first evening of May devotions he carefully lowered the gas before he left the house. On his return after Benediction, he found the gas flame blazing up high. Surprised, he lowered the flame, called Marie, his servant, telling her not to forget to lower the flame after using it. But Marie had not been in the office. This blazing up of the gas jet happened in the same manner for the next four days, despite the precaution of turning off the gas and locking the door before leaving the house. During the night of the following day, May 5th, Our

Lady appeared to him — he did not know whether it was a dream or a vision. She approached his bed, smiling, and said, "My son Justinian, how is it you do not understand that I wish to be honored in your house by a light in front of my statue?"

Filled with awe, he exclaimed, "My Good Mother, why did you not tell me before?"

From that day forward, he kept a light burning day and night in front of the statue. But after his death, in 1876, the statue was put into the attic and forgotten until rescued by Antoinette Margot. She kept it as a treasure with a light burning in front of it.

The lady to whom Miss Margot willed it when she died, was the one who gave it into Mother Dengel's keeping. Each year, on May 5th, a Candle light procession is held in her honor — for where she is honored there must be light.

Missions and History

The Christian vocation is essentially *missionary*. St. Paul is the type and teacher of the missionary spirit.

This is a spirit of *boldness* and daring; not in self-reliance but in trust in Him who has sent him, a Christian braves dangers calmly, dangers from men, from things, from the evil spirit. The missionary spirit is one of *poverty*. A Missionary looks exclusively for God and souls; he accepts to be stripped of all else; reputation, material comfort and security, interior comfort. He shares all human miseries; ready and desirous to be stripped even of his own corporal life. The missionary spirit is one of *sincerity*. It is free from that duplicity which looks for both God's interests and one's own. That means, first, purity of intention which cares for God's judgment only, not for that of men; it also means sincere charity which seeks the good of others. The missionary spirit is *zeal* born from jealousy for God's glory, ready eventually to displease men for their own good. Such disinterested zeal is inspired by the Christian understanding of the religious meaning of history: and it is sustained by the anticipation of the future life. Missionary spirituality is both contemplation directed to God and action turned to men. Lastly, the missionary spirit is a spirit of *hope*. It is the expectation of the fulfillment of history, of the coming of God's reign; thus it inspires patient fidelity in the midst of difficulties. Hope is no facile optimism, it does not believe that things will settle of themselves somehow. In inextricable situations, conscious of his own radical importance, the missionary turns to God for help, in trustful humility. Hope sustains the missionary endeavour for the expansion of the Body of Christ — the salvation both of individuals and of the nations.

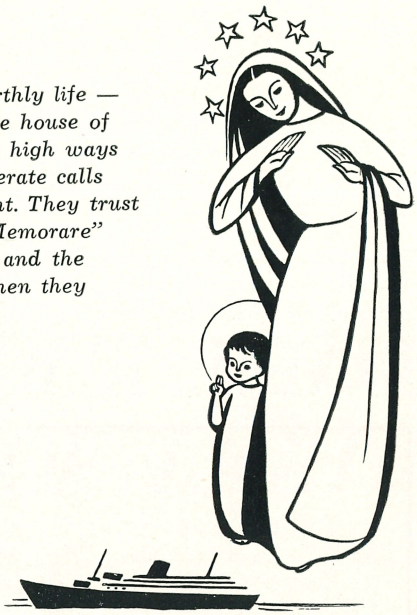
The mystery of the Mission is one with the mystery of History. None, in a way, are more of their time than are missionaries; they are committed to the expansion of the Church which is the true meaning of present-day history.

(Jean Danielou, S.J., in THE CLERGY MONTHLY, April, 1954)

May 24th

OUR LADY OF THE WAY

Like Our Lady, who travelled much in her earthly life — several times to Jerusalem, to Egypt, and to the house of Elizabeth — Medical Mission Sisters travel the high ways and by-ways, going to the missions or on desperate calls for medical care at any hour of the day or night. They trust in Our Lady to keep them safe, reciting the "Memorare" each time they set out in the home countries and the Ave Maris Stella (Hail thou Star of Ocean) when they leave for the missions.



SOMEWHERE IN THE CARRIBEAN

Sr. M. de Montfort, R. N.

SINCE there is no doctor aboard, the ailments of the crew are the responsibility of the Chief Steward. While visiting the aquarium an engineer came for medical attention and the chief in turn sought my assistance. He asked me if I would look at the cut and advise. What the Chief Steward blithely called a cut was a very serious injury. The engineer had caught his third finger in a knife-like gear and severed it almost completely. The sole point of attachment was a small piece of flesh on the inner aspect. The engineer was my tablemate and a very fine person. He certainly proved his courage. I, in turn, asked that the Captain be notified. I told the Captain medical aid was needed and he certainly did his best to obtain it. We were still far from Africa.

The captain asked me to take charge of the case and as you know this was quite a heavy order with no medical training and no supplies. It was imperative to suture as a temporary measure. I called on the aid of one of the Protestant missionaries who is also a nurse and we sutured. I think it hurt me as much as it hurt him. They did have penicillin on board which I suggested he be given since infection was uppermost in my mind.

This was at 4:30 p.m. and the Captain, true to his word, tried to get medical aid. We were six days from the nearest point of land so their only hope was a ship-doctor. By 5:15 p.m. our signal was picked up by a Swedish boat hundreds of miles from us. The boat, which was returning from the Carribean was going North-east to Antwerp and we were going south. A point of convergence was picked and we arrived at this point at 11 p.m. They, as had been expected, arrived at this same point at 4 a.m. A life-boat was lowered from our vessel and sev-

eral of our crew motored over to the *Venezuela* which was about a quarter of a mile from us. The life boat brought the doctor to our vessel. Although I couldn't understand a word written on his supplies he did speak English. He looked at the finger and to my surprise felt it could be saved. He suggested that the sutures remain intact until a hospital be reached and then the tendons could be sutured. Much to my relief he suggested that the patient be transferred to his ship so the finger could be watched and amputated should the need arise before Antwerp was reached 6 days hence. The life boat motored Doctor and patient to the *Venezuela;* returned to the Sobo where it was hoisted back up to the top deck, and at 6:30 a.m. we again started on our journey southward: On noting the injury I had immediately placed the entire situation in Our Lady's hands. The Captain had little to no hope of contacting another vessel for we are traveling a little used route. He attributes the contact to chance; I attribute it to Our Lady and Divine Providence.

SOMEWHERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

I mentioned in my first letter while still in N. Y. that there were eleven passengers. It looks like the other two did not show up after all, because there are only nine of us now and six are missionaries. These include two doctors, one a lady who belongs to the Syrian church, bound for Cochin, India. The other doctor whose wife is a nurse, has two very active children and they are going to a Protestant mission hospital in Bagdad. He told us that he is *from Fox Chase,* at least when he was a boy, and remembers our place very well, especially the lake.

A middle-aged lady with a slight English accent is the other missionary — a Presbyterian who will join her husband, president of a college in Lahore. She has been very helpful to us with her knowledge of the Urdu language —giving us classes, etc.

And last but not least, is a Lebanese lady whose home is in Beirut, Lebanon near the Holy Land. She is a good Catholic and was just thrilled to learn that we could speak her dear language, Spanish. With our broken Spanish and her meager English we get along well . . . Sisters Cecelia and Lina

R. I. P.

Rev. Dr. J. Thauren, S.V.D.,
Vienna, Austria
Sister M. Hedwig, Rock Hills, S. C.
Mr. Henry Blenk, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Ellen Cronin, Boston, Mass.
Mr. John Fagan, Wilmington, Del.
(Father of Sr. M. Ursula, S.C.M.M)
Mrs. H. Gallagher, Mil., Wis.
Mrs. M. Hanel, Beloit, Wis.
Mr. Charles Jewett, Fort Smith, Ark.
Dr. James M. Kent, New York City
Mr. James Meehan, Phila., Pa.
Miss Mary Neylon, Springfield, Mass.
Mr. Nello Nattichione, Phila., Pa.
Miss Edith Pfeifer, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. Francis Young, Phila., Pa.

The Rev. Dr. J. Thauren, S. V. D., Director of the Missiological Institute of the Archdiocese of Vienna, and Professor of the University, died suddenly in July of this year

In 1933 Father Thauren was appointed Professor of Missiology at the University of Vienna. This was the first time this science was included in the curriculum of an Austrian University. In his 30 years of labors for the missions, Dr. Thauren wrote numerous scientific books and articles and also merited special recognition for his part in the missionary movement in Austria. The part he took in the formation of the Catholic Academy of Vienna of which he was appointed General Secretary in 1945 was a climax of a life devoted to the interests of the Church.

Seven pounds of satin-clad humanity, crooked in Sr. M. Roberta's elbow for his first photo.

KARACHI

Our x-ray department is not like anything you have seen in the U. S. Most of it was given by a doctor who moved to Bombay. The control stand is Italian and has two tubes, one German, the other U. S. To complicate things the instructions were in Italian and at first were misplaced. However, I found them, had them translated and figured out the machine. There are so many things to regulate that are automatically controlled on the modern American machines I used in the U. S. But one day I was brave enough to make the first trial exposure. It turned out very well! I still have so many things to do to get the department in order. Tables, tanks, etc. have to be made or bought. Needless to say, my experiences have been many.

Sr. M. Dorothy, R.T., x-ray

MANDAR

Last year, 1953, Mandar had the first 3 nurses graduate. This April ten young Ouraon girls passed the Bihar Senior Nursing exam. Archbishop Nicholas Kujur attended the Graduation Ceremony, presented the Diplomas and gave a short talk. Of these ten, five are now in Patna for Midwifery. Two may go to Nagpur for Midwifery. With the ten seniors, seven junior students took the first year exam. We are very happy to tell you that our Sister Terese Marie received the highest marks in Bihar Province and Miss Rosama Kutty, the third highest marks. The head of the Nursing Council sent a letter of Congratulations to the students and to the hospital.

Sister M. David, R.N.

DACCA

The Mymensingh rail line is still partially under water. It looks, however, as though the floods are really subsiding at last — after more than six weeks. There have been two peaks — the second level being higher than the first. It's really pathetic, about 12 million people homeless.

Sr. M. Benedict, M.D.

NEW DELHI

Last week Sr. M. John said to me "I've never lived so close to donkeys in all my life!" Well, I thought I've been called lots of names, but never that yet, and then suddenly, came the loud, neighing sound, which revealed the presence of real donkeys, grazing on our so-called front "lawn." The little animals are very sweet, much smaller than American donkeys, but make tremendously loud sounds for such little fellows. It must have been this kind of animal that Our Lady rode on when she went to Egypt.

Our little dispensary continues to operate daily. One man came yesterday with his little son, 9 years old. Chief complaint was a sore on his upper lip. I started to clean it up when suddenly I noticed how extensive it was. It dawned on me that this wasn't an ordinary sore, there is only one thing it could be — Leprosy! I explained it to his father, but neither he nor the child seemed to realize how serious it was.

Sister M. Clare, R.N.

MONSOON

Our monsoon broke on July 9th. The rains were terrific. Being in a roofless house we were particularly anxious about the downpours. One evening Sister M. Clare had to do the dishes beneath an umbrella and it was soaking wet when she finished. One just had to step into the shower room for a shower, no turning of faucets those days. I went into the city the following day while the sun was shining brightly. When I returned there was such a river in front of the hospital that I had to park the car up on the road, remove shoes and stockings and wade through 150 yards of "river."

Sister M. Richard, S.C.M.M.

Holy Family Hospital, New Delhi, India.

PATNA

We took in 25 new students in January. Most of them do not speak English very well and have to have daily classes. It was very cold when they arrived. One of them came to Sr. M. Cyril and told her "my feet are unwell." Sister found that the poor girl had chilblains.

A large house near the hospital has been loaned to us so we have dormitory space for more nurses. It is a great blessing.

—Sr. M. Adelaide, S.C.MM

Nature is only conquered by obeying her. — FRANCIS BACON

ROBBERY?

Holy Family Hospital, Patna?

Several nights ago it seemed I had just dropped off to sleep when the phone rang and, light sleeper that I am, I immediately sprang out of bed . . .

"Holy Family Hospital."

"Is this the Holy Female Hospital?"

"This is Holy *Family* Hospital."

"I wish to report a robbery."

"You don't want the hospital, you want the Police Station."

"This *is* the Police Station."

"Oh. Who robbed you?"

"Madam, *Holy Family Hospital* has been robbed!"

"Oh."

"Did you hear?"

"Yes." (apparently the voice expected a shriek or even a maidenly swoon. He sounded exasperated that the bombshell he sent reverberating over the wires did not bring forth the anticipated explosion from my vocal cords.)

"Many valuable things were stolen."

"Hmm."

"Do you listen?"

"I listen." (It's 3 o'clock in the morning and I am in no mood to emote over a deed that has been done . . . that is, anything short of murder.)

"Send a servant to identify the boodle."

"We have no servant."

"May I then come there with the boodle?"

"Can't it wait until morning? Doctor will come herself to identify the . . er . . . ah . . boodle. She gets up at five and will come as soon as possible."

"I cannot come there?"

"NO."

Thereupon a loud thud nearly discombobulated my auditory system and, as the Voice was silent, I deducted that he had hung up and did likewise.

Came the dawn . . . and what excitement . . . Missing: Two sewing machines, two suitcases, one trunk (usual place for same being less than a foot from my mattress . . . it acts as my table), and several bolts of material which were gotten only after breaking a lock on another trunk. I can't understand it . . . the area of pilfering within ten feet of my bed, and I, am a very light sleeper . . .

To make matters worse, Sister Leonie, M.D., found a very irate official waiting when she arrived at the station at five-thirty A.M. It seemed that the *Inspector* had spoken to a person unknown, on the telephone, and had been refused admission to the hospital. Said person had obstructed the investigation, etc, etc. (Little did I know that the voice was a V.I.P. in the local constabulary and small did I suspect that he wanted to come play Perry Mason on the premises at 3 A.M. . . . My whole life's been this way!!)

Anyway, Sister soothed Sherlock and brought the "boodle" back. Whoever, in the words of Agatha Christie, perpetrated the crime, was frightened away . . . they dropped the things (broke one sewing machine) and ran.

Believe it or not, ever since the robbery, I sleep better . . . now that I know I'm not such a *very* light sleeper, I feel much more rested in the morning!

Sr. M. Thaddeus, R.N.

SPANISH LADY WITH ITALIAN SHOES

There was great excitement as we saw four of our Sisters, and one of our graduate nurses off on their pilgrimage to the National Shrine of Our Lady of Coromoto in Guanare.

However, we at home, went back to work with a divided mind — thinking a bit of the pilgrims and also of our own plans for celebrating the Fiesta of the patroness of the hospital on September 11th. The workmen were constructing a pedestal for the new statue of Our Lady of Coromoto which was to be blessed on the feast day; the nurses were cutting brightly colored banners in their quieter moments; the cleaners were washing down the front of the building; the choir was practicing at every opportunity; the Chaplain was hearing the patient's confessions so they could honor Our Lady by their Holy Communions; everybody was doing his bit to make "una gran fiesta" for Our Lady.

Venezuelan festivals are wonderful because they are religious but gay at the same time—sort of a holy gaiety one would call it.

On the morning of the 11th, the chapel was full to overflowing, for the High Mass in honor of Our Lady of Coromoto. During it we sang, "I have chosen and sanctified this place . . . (offertory) and realized, once again, that Our Lady has really taken Venezuela to her heart and that the people of the Country, in turn, have certainly taken her to theirs . . .

That afternoon, Monsenor Marcos Sergio Godoy, the Bishop of Maracaibo, came to bless the new statue of Our Lady of Coromoto. The statue is of white marble, and shows Our Lady seated on a chair with the Child Jesus on her lap. The expressions on the faces of both Mother and Baby are kind and beautiful. Sitting peacefully at the front entrance to the Hospital, as they do, they give a nice "welcome" to our patients. For my part, I have always loved Our Lady in this sitting position, because she looks so much "at home" — as if she is here to stay!

There was one funny incident

His Excellency, the Archbishop blessed the new statue of Our Lady.

relative to the statue. After the pedestal was fixed, we asked the workers to help lift the statue on to it — quite a feat, as it is very heavy. Then just as the statue was put into position, a great cry went up, "But Sister, She has *shoes* on and *everybody* knows that Our Lady of Coromoto is always *barefooted.*" Everybody, that is, except the Italian artist who carved the statue. Something had to be done to prevent an international situation between Venezuela and Italy — and quickly, because the two Italian gardeners were already beginning to look a little distraught. Then we remembered that there was a stonecutter in town, so we sent for him to come and fix things up. He came quickly —, but, sad to say, the shoes are too narrow to allow for making toes, and so our *Venezuelan* Lady of Coromoto sits with Italian shoes on her feet!

And now back to the blessing. The Bishop gave a beautiful talk saying that in his 34 years as a Bishop he has seen this devotion to Our Lady grow throughout all Venezuela and urged those present to a renewed faith in Our Lady. Then the solemn blessing of the statue took place and was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at an altar erected in front of the statue. The ceremony was simple but fervent so that Our Lady must have been pleased.

Afterwards the employees gathered for the "gay" part of the fiesta — a picnic supper, games, an entertainment of Spanish folk dancing, and the piñata. The piñata is a must at any good Venezuelan party. The Piñata is made of bright paper or thin crockery, and of any shape or size, and hung high in the air. Our piñata was in the shape of a burro (donkey). One of the employees present was blindfolded and given a big stick, with which he swatted at the pinata. When he found the vulnerable spot in the burro, out flew candy, balloons, and little gifts, and everybody — men, women and children — grabbed. We couldn't decide whether grabbing or watching would be more fun, so in the interest of "safety" we watched.

Everybody said it was the nicest fiesta they ever had.

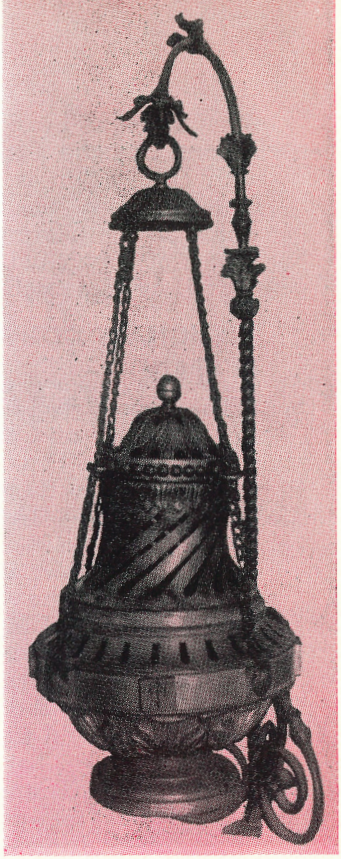
Sr. M. Miriam, R.N.

LAWANG, JAVA

Our first three Indonesian postulants with Bishop Albers (Carmelite) of the Diocese of Malang, and Sr. M. Margaritha, R. N. These young women had to overcome many obstacles to enter the Religious Life.

HOLY YEAR IN SPAIN

Sr. M. Ann, S.C.M.M.



This thurible 4 feet high is swung from a pulley in front of the high altar. It nearly hits the roof. It takes six men to swing it.

Santiago de Compostela enjoys the unique privilege of having its own Holy Year, older than the Roman, whenever the feast of St. James the Apostle, the brother of St. John, falls on a Sunday. The old, baroque town of Compostela, in the northwest corner of Spain is dominated by a magnificent cathedral in which the relics of the Saint are preserved, and has been a place of pilgrimage from the earliest times of Christianity.

Two of our Sisters, Sister M. Ann and Sister M. Francesca, were able to join one of the pilgrimages in September of this year, while attending the Catholic Student's International Mission Congress at Santiago. The Cardinal Archbishop of the town, Fernando Quiroga y Palacios, celebrated Mass and gave Communion for the members of the Congress in the university chapel, from which they walked in procession through the glittering sunlit town to the Cathedral of St. James, the Cathedral bells heralding their approach as they assembled in the Plaza d'Espana. Inside, the Canons of the Cathedral conducted members of the pilgrimage to their places and the organ played, introducing the hymn of Santiago, a rousing traditional tune sung with vigor and enthusiasm by the whole congregation.

After the public recitation of the Jubilee prayers, the leader of the Congress, according to the pilgrimage custom, ascended the altar steps to give alms and made a speech about loyalty and faith.

The climax of the pilgrimage came when a large censer, about four feet high, was carried in by six men, was attached to a rope slung from the ceiling, filled with incense, hoisted, and swung across the nave of the great Cathedral till it almost touched the roof in both transepts.

After this great symbolic act of worship, all proceeded behind the high altar to show reverence for the great statue of St. James by placing their hands on the shoulders and kissing the cape. From there they passed on to the crypt where the bones of the Saint are still preserved in a casket, leaving

the Cathedral by the Holy Door, and making the sign of the Cross with holy water as a final act of faith. This is the regular form which all the pilgrimages take and is part of a very old tradition. The next Holy Year will be in 1965.

MISSIONARY CONGRESS IN SPAIN

The papers read at the Missionary Congress of Catholic University Students (Pax Romana) centered about the theme "Towards a United World — Through the Missions. The various speakers, among whom were Rev. Jean Danielou, S.J., of the Catholic Institute in Paris, and M. J. Folliet, director of the *Revue de Science Missionaire* in Switzerland, discussed some of the factors which make of today's world a divided world — color barriers, cultural and class differences, etc. and pointed out the part which the missionary efforts of the Church play in reuniting the world redeemed by Christ.

The conclusions of the Congress were interesting. The students pledged themselves to work for the acceptance of foreign students into the Catholic Social life of the country in which they were studying. They agreed that everyone living in a "mission country" must help the economic and social progress of that country by practising the Church's Social Doctrine in his professional life. Those not living in mission countries were equally bound to recognize the value to the Church of cultures, other than their own.

The Congress particularly commended the work of lay missionaries and the Union is setting up a "Co-ordinating Centre" to encourage and help others to follow them.

Sr. M. Ann, S.C.M.M.

Philadelphia—Postulants on Pilgrimage to Church of B. V. M., Bustleton, on October 11th.

Statue, "Causa Nostrae Laetitiae", Tongeren, Belgium.

OUR LADY CAUSE OF OUR JOY

Sr. M. Francesca, R. N.

THANKS to a holiday given by the Bishop in honor of his namesday, and thanks to the Marian year, which inspired us to spend this special opportunity in a fitting way, one fine day in June found our Dutch Novitiate, "Imstenrade," deserted.

Two large touring cars were to transport the community, professed Sisters, novices and postulants, to Tongeren, Belgium, the oldest town of historic Netherlands, where Christianity had been established as early as 200 to 300 A.D. But our purpose was not to see Tongeren, an old Christian stronghold, but to visit the Shrine of Our Lady, Cause of Our Joy, where for the last five centuries the Blessed Virgin has been venerated under this title.

After about 40 miles journey the boundaries of the old city were reached, and we continued our pilgrimage on foot. Headed by a policeman specially assigned for the occasion, our procession of praying, and singing Sisters wound its way through the narrow streets to the Basilica, whose monumental 15th Century tower (the crown of a work which found its completion only after 200 years of building), was visible from afar.

We carried with us the finest

flowers from Imstenrade's garden to give to Our Lady.

The present miraculous statue of the Mother of God, "Cause of Our Joy," dates back to the 15th Century. Our Lady holds the Child Jesus on her left arm, in the right hand she holds a bunch of grapes, ("the wine that gladdens the heart of man") from which the Divine Child Jesus has picked one grape out of the bunch, as if to say, "This one I have chosen to rejoice mankind." In Our Lady's girdle we see a small sword, reminding one of Judith, who prefiguring Our Lady freed the people of Israel and was called the "Joy of Israel."

On entering the Basilica we sang the hymn, "Star of the Sea" under which title Our Lady is venerated in our diocese of Roermond. We laid the flowers at the feet of Our Lady and together we said another Rosary. Then everyone had time to pray for themselves.

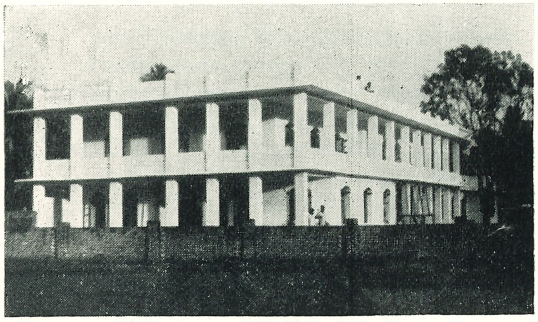
To sing Vespers, we were invited to use the monumental choir stalls in the sanctuary; a row of white veils (novices) and a row of blue veils (professed Sisters) on either side. From the organ-loft it was a beautiful sight.

As a farewell, Sr. M. Eleanore, recited our Community dedication to Our Lady Cause of Our Joy, and Father Boymans the Marian Year Prayer.

Still somewhat overcome by so much spiritual beauty, we found ourselves suddenly on the cobbles of Tongeren, and other enjoyments awaiting! A "suitable restaurant" in the market square with its historical facades and the statue of Ambiorix, who bravely defended the Gauls against Julius Caesar, served us savory Belgian coffee and potato-chips out of pointed paper bags.

Then it was "home again" in the touring cars and an hour later "Imstenrade" looked like its old overcrowded self again.

Dutch Medical Mission Sisters, "Imstenrade" Heerlen, Holland.



The new hospital in Thuruthipuram, So. India.

In the Land of COCONUTS

Sr. M. Stephanie, R. N.

October 4th, *feast of St. Francis,* at the *parish of St. Francis,* in Thuruthipuram, South India, the Medical Mission Sisters opened the doors of a new 24 bed Catholic Hospital, with a Sister-Doctor in charge of the hospital staff, from Chicago, Ill., whose name is *Sr. M. Francis Webster,* M.D. The name of the hospital is not St. Francis however, but the *Archbishop Attipetty Memorial Hospital.*

Thuruthipuram located in close proximity to Cranganore, is one of the most ancient parishes of the Latin rite in India — tracing its history back to St. Thomas, the Apostle. St. Francis of Assisi parish is well known for its social works to help the poor: the St. Joseph's poor fund; the St. Mary's Marriage fund; St. Vincent de Paul Society; housing schemes, the encouraging of the coir industry (rope made from coconut fibres) as a partial solution to the unemployment problem and as an economic defense against the spread of communism.

The building of the Hospital by the parishioners was to crown all their efforts at relieving the misery and disease prevalent in that area. On the occasion of their Archbishop's Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee, the parishioners of the parish could think of no better tribute to the person of His Grace, than this lasting monument of

Sr. M. Francis, M. D., on a village visit in Pakistan. Sr. M. Francis has had five years experience in the Society's hospitals in India and Pakistan.

Charity to His Revered Name: *The Dr. Joseph Attipetty Memorial Hospital.*

The cornerstone of the Village hospital was laid on the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, celebrated in anticipation on September 30, 1951. Last year, when His Eminence, Eugene Cardinal Tisserant, visited Malabar, His Em. blessed the hospital in the presence of 4,000 people, Hindus, Mohammedans and Christians. A new road approaching the hospital was built by the people themselves at great sacrifice, within a space of two weeks, and called the *Cardinal Tisserant Road.*

Sr. M. Stephanie, R.N. and four Malabar Medical Mission Sisters arrived at Thuruthipuram on September 1st and prepared for the hospital opening on October 4th. Sr. M. Francis, M.D. came one week later. Here are a few words from the pioneers:

"The boat ride from Kottayam was beautiful. This is a cocoanut paradise. It took all of 10 hours to make the trip. Thuruthipuram is not yet on the map — in fact no one knew exactly where it was, so we passed it and had to turn back. Father Chennat, the parish priest, was soon at the landing place to welcome us and we went straight to the hospital.

"Tomorrow is marketing day in Kottapuram which is the nearest center for shopping. Just as you step into a car to go down town shopping, so we step into a small row boat. The Sisters are going to see what is available. The marketing days are Monday and Thursday . . . Thank God for our Malayalam speaking Sisters, it would be very difficult without them. (That is the language down here.) They have done a good job at housecleaning too!

"We have had so many laughs since our arrival. Our mattress-making has brought a new trade to Thuruthipuram. Previously, there was only one shop in the village. With the advent of the hospital there are several coming into existence — a bicycle shop, a bakery — and then too, the hospital brought electricity! At first, people would just stare into our faces. Many had never seen a sister before."

INDIA'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS FOREIGN MISSIONARIES

"It is for this reason that we have been a little cautious so as to avoid internal friction between missionary activity conducted by foreign missionaries and the nationalist urge that moved many of our people. This has, I believe nothing to do with what might be called religious tolerance. It has something to do with the feeling of national self-respect when some missionaries from abroad, or for that matter, non-missionaries, adopt an attitude which is not looked upon with favour here. The old idea of missionaries going to backward countries to convert the heathen, who were supposed to be primitive and a very backward people, obviously has little application in the India of today. Sometimes, however, that idea persists and comes in the way of that free and equal intercourse which we would like to encourage."

Hindustan Times, May 21, 1954

Feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin. Patronal Feast of the Catholic Maternity Institute, Santa Fe.

IN SANTA FE SHE IS *LA CONQUISTADORA*

La Conquistadora, oldest statue of Our Lady in U. S. A.

This is Fiesta weekend in Santa Fe, and such a Fiesta it has been. I will skip all the details of its official opening Friday night with the burning of Zozobra—the spirit of Gloom — the fireworks, the parades, and even the Entrada of His Eminence, Cardinal Spellman yesterday afternoon, bringing with him La Conquistadora.

What most impressed us was the official Procession and Solemn Pontifical Mass this morning. Of course, the SCMM's were represented in the procession which began at 9:00 A.M. from the Archbishop's residence. First came the cross-bearers and Junior Seminarians, then an Indian Band. We were in the next contingent which consisted of at least 8 different religious communities numbering at least 100 Sisters and two lone brothers. Next came the Hierarchy, the Bishop of Gallup; a Spanish Franciscan Bishop; Archbishop Byrne, the Celebrant and Cardinal Spellman. There were so many visiting monsignori and priests, that the Sanctuary was full to capacity. And there in the place of honor next to the main altar was the statue of Our Lady, La Conquistadora.

It is a very old wooden statue which goes back to the Sixteenth Century when it was brought here by the Spaniards — taken out with them when they were driven out and finally returned when the Spanish reconquered this Empire in a bloodless conquest. It was at that time that Commander De Vargas promised La Conquistadora that there would be a solemn act of Thanksgiving in her honor each year in return for the victory. That was in 1692 and the Fiesta has been an annual affair for almost 250 years now.

His Eminence, Cardinal Spellman gave a very beautiful sermon

on Our Blessed Mother, bringing out the fact that she had always been the glory of America from the days of the Santa Maria to the time of the early colonists who called the Chesapeake Bay, the Bay of the Mother of God and the Mississippi River the River of the Immaculate Conception. Even Los Angeles was originally called the City of Our Lady of the Angels. But the true glory of Mary in America, His Eminence, pointed out was her conquest of the hearts of the people. He ended beautifully with a prayer to Our Blessed Mother, begging her to obtain peace for us through Holy Faith.

Last evening, we all went to the reception for His Eminence. After this His Eminence solemnly crowned the statue of La Conquistadora. As she often does, Our Lady tried our faith and sent a fine little thunder-storm a few minutes before the affair was to start. But everyone stayed and it was a big success. She then was returned to her own altar in the north of the nave of the Cathedral where she will remain.

Sister M. Rosemary, R.N.

CALIFORNIA

At the end of June we had the annual Fashion Show together with St. Nicholas Parish, Los Altos, which pleased the audience AND the Sisters and Postulants very much. The theme of the show was an imaginary pilgrimage to the shrines of Our Lady in six European Countries, Via T.W.A. The commentator gave a very good historical account of each shrine before commenting on the travel clothes of the pilgrims, as they arrived at the shrine. Arranged on the stage was a life-size statue of Our Lady, backed by hundreds of flowers—800 asters. Determined to carry out this social as much as possible in honor of Our Lady, the big prize was a round trip ticket, via T.W.A. of course, to these shrines of Our Lady. On each of the refreshment tables arranged under the sprawling oak trees there was another shrine of Our Lady, each one different. The accounts of the shrines were very good and best of all the styles exhibited were perfectly in accord with the theme of the show.

Sr. M. James

A "Pilgrimage — Fashion-Show" was featured at Marymeade this year.

QUEENSHIP OF MARY MOST HOLY

This year has been a great year The whole Catholic world has entered into the Spirit of the Marian Year proclaimed by our Holy Father.

In our Society, placed under the special patronage of Our Lady, Cause of Our Joy, we joined in spirit and practice in a humble way — we prayed, we sang, we read, we decorated, we dramatized, we processed, pilgrimated, we erected statues.

And now the climax of the year was the proclamation on November 1st, of a new feast of Our Lady, the Queenship of Mary. It is Christ who has given Mary her title and crown of "Queen of Heaven and Mistress of Earth." All her royalty and dignity depend on Christ, and the establishment of His Kingdom throughout the world.

With the whole Christian world we salute Her Royal Majesty —
Queen of a limitless Kingdom,
Queen, for whom no place is too remote,
no sorrow too deep, no one too abandoned,
no one for whom She has no part.
Queen, standing on the moon,
Queen in a tiny village,
Queen crowned with Stars,
Queen sweeping sawdust,
Queen of all hearts,
Queen, Protectress of the World,
Queen of Peace!

Statue by
Fernand Py

"Africa could absorb the U. S., India and China.

THE MEDI

Sister M. Daniel, S.C.M.M.

500 MILLION DOLLAR FLY

AFRICA is a continent vast in size, in natural resources and in health problems.

Within the boundaries of Africa the land masses of the United States, India and China could be absorbed and still leave some fairly large gaps between them. The ordinary map of Africa shows the countries, cities, rivers and lakes. There is another map of known and potential resources that is startling.

Considering only West Africa, there are iron-ore deposits in Liberia worth shipping across the ocean. Nigeria has uranium, and the Belgian Congo has uranium and copper. There is the Gold Coast with immense deposits of bauxite and a development plan, known as the Volta River Project, for aluminum production. It calls for an investment of 500 million dollars.

There is still another map of African health problems showing the distribution of diseases that are barriers to increased production and more adequate consumption.

Aside from malaria, sleeping sickness and many other diseases, there are special problems directly related to immediate development programs. The Volta River Project is a good example — on the Gold Coast.

The economic soundness of this project depends upon the production costs of electric power. If power can be produced at a low cost, the bauxite can be transformed into aluminum which can be put on the world market at a competitive price. The experts say all this is possible.

Health control involves almost the full scope of services — hospitals, medical staff, nurses, sanitarians, — but there is another very special problem to be considered.

Blocking the huge Volta Project is a small fly of the Simulium family, not nearly as well known as its cousin, the tsetse fly.

This fly, about the size of a buffalo gnat, has its habitat along the Volta River. It transmits the tiny threadlike worms that result in onchocerciasis. The people of the Gold Coast call it River Blindness, the blindness that develops when the worms or filaria involve the tissues of the eyes. Concern over this disease and how it might affect the Volta project were subjects given much attention in the Legislative Assembly.

CAL MISSION WORLD

Speaking for the Government, Mr. Gbedemah stated, "It has been said that if those who are going to be engaged on the work are beginning to get blind, they will leave the work and the scheme may be wrecked."

Here is an excerpt from one of the debates on the project: "It is only fair that, before the scheme is ever started at all, some people should be appointed who will have the authority to investigate all aspects of the disease and take the necessary precautions to see that scientific knowledge is available for either curing the disease or preventing it."

The health experts are expected to complete their study and report in 1954 on the feasibility of a project intended to raise the level of living for the whole country.

WHO Newsletter, Oct.-Nov., 1954

INDIANS AVERAGE LIFE SPAN GOES UP

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, Union Health Minister, said here today, "In the last six years, since we came into our own, the average life of an individual has gone up from 27 to 32 years." She attributed the improvement to the health services launched by the Union Ministry of Health.

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur emphasized the need for opening health homes in rural areas. She did not think the problem of over population was a serious one. By raising the living standards and the age of marriage of girls, the problem would solve itself, she added.

Madras, Aug. 5

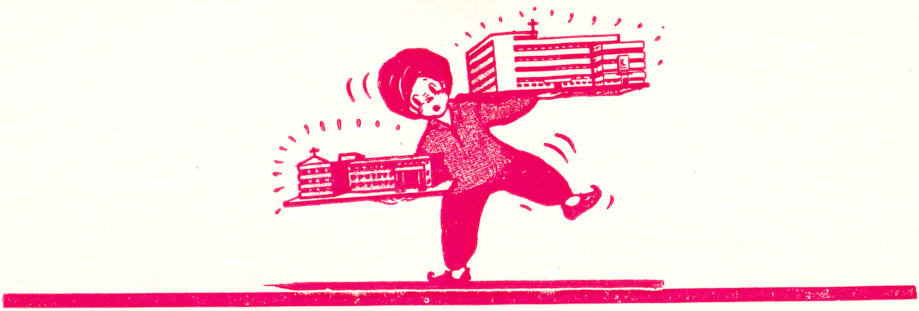
BRAZIL

In Brazil, 53.3% of the people are under 20 years of age. Thus, for Brazil as a whole, the life expectancy is only 39 years. More than *40 per cent* of the total deaths in Brazil are caused by infectious agents while in the U. S. the figure is less than 18 per cent. A large proportion of these deaths in Brazil are preventable. Great strides are being made to bring about a reduction in these figures. The National Malaria Service and the National Yellow Fever Service are examples but much is still to be done.

W.H.O. Newsletter

SILVER JUBILEE

Congratulations to Dr. Anna Ongkiehong, who has given 25 years of service to the medical needs of Indonesia. In the last seven years since our Dutch Sisters have been conducting a maternity center and the government school for midwives, Dr. Ongkiehong has given outstanding and invaluable help to the Sisters in their work.



WHICH HOSPITAL NEEDS YOUR HELP MOST?

THURUTHIPURAM, S. INDIA

Sr. M. Francis, M.D., writing by lamp-light from our latest mission asks for:

A Prescription balance **$40.00**
Dispensing weights ..... **$ 6.00**

DACCA, PAKISTAN

Who will help lengthen the YARD LINE to DACCA? Sr. M. Benedict, M.D., is still begging for more 72" wide unbleached muslin . . . It takes yards and yards for central dressing rooms, O. R. gowns, sheets, etc.

2,000 yds. to go ..... **81c yd.**

BOMBAY, INDIA

Sr. M. Alma, M.D. writes that they can't get a mechanical stage for their Monocular Microscope locally. They need it for teaching purposes. **Do you want to play a part in this stage?** **$25.00**

NEW DELHI, INDIA

Only asking for a sample this time. They need a number of No. 5 Schwartz units for their pharmacy in the new hospital. The workmen can make them if they have a sample . . .

1 Schwartz Unit **$75.00**

KARACHI, PAKISTAN

A drying-oven or dry heat sterilizer is needed for the laboratory $45.00

MUSSOORIE, INDIA

Two for Tea? No, all the patients have tea . . . but there are not enough tea-pots. Sr. M. Vincent, R.N., is asking for **6 stainless steel ones each** ..... **$6.00.**

MYMENSINGH, E. PAKISTAN

Sr. M. Marcella, M.D., writes: DIODOQUIN TABLETS . . . what a help when Dysentery patients come in . . .

1000 cost **$18.00**

MANDAR, INDIA

BATH TOWELS . . . A desirable item in any language . . . **Mandar needs 1 gross of white 20 x 40" towels** ..... **each 49c**

RAWALPINDI, PAKISTAN

What's one wheel chair for 150 patients? No wonder Pindi is asking for another. A collapsible one is easier and cheaper to ship to the missions. **Do you have one to give, or $75.00?**

DEAR SISTERS:

Here is $ ..... for your mission hospitals.

for ( ) THURUTHIPURAM ( ) DELHI ( ) MYMENSINGH
( ) DACCA ( ) KARACHI ( ) MANDAR
( ) BOMBAY ( ) MUSSOORIE ( ) RAWALPINDI

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

THE GREATEST EVENT IN HISTORY

IN the 5,199th year after the Creation of the world, when in the beginning God created Heaven and earth, 2,957 years after the Flood, 2,015 after the birth of Abraham, 1,510 after Moses and the exodus of the Israelite nation from Egypt, 1,032 after the anointing of David as King, in the 65th week of years according to the prophecy of Daniel, in the 194th Olympiad, 752 years after the building of the city of Rome, in the 42nd year of the reign of Octavianus Augustus, while the whole world was at peace, Jesus Christ, Eternal God and Son of the Eternal Father, wishing to sanctify the world by His gracious advent, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, *was born in Bethlehem,* nine months after His Conception, being made Man.

THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN THE FLESH.

May the peace of the Christ Child be yours this coming New Year.

Mrs. Edward Froehlich
339 Southmont Blvd.
Johnstown, Pa.

10-56

YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE CHRIST CHILD AND HIS MOTHER—
Will you give it for the Mothers and Children of India?

Many times daily the Holy Family of Bethlehem, in the person of an Indian family knocks at the doors of our Holy Family Hospital in Patna. It is for them, most of all, that we are trying to build a larger new Hospital. You would not refuse the Christ Child and His Mother. For their sakes we beg you to help us now — to provide care for the thousands of mothers and children who come full of hope and confidence to our hospital. Whatever you give, the Child of Bethlehem and His Mother will accept as given to them.

Dear Mother Dengel:

Enclosed please find $ ..... for Holy Family Hospital, Patna.

Name ... .

Address .....

City .....